

MILWAUKEE RADIO AMATEURS

Dave DeFebo

My father, Clarence N. Crapo, enjoyed many years with your organization. I'm glad to have found these slides, contacted you, and returned them to your membership where they'll be enjoyed. His other passion was photography. He was a master of stereo images. I have been active in photography as a profession and as a hobby (holding offices in camera clubs) for many years, influenced by my exposure to his work.

Some of these slides are in very poor condition as they were rescued from years of shed storage in Florida. The heat and humidity distressed some of the emulsion, but enough recognizable images remain to send along. He mounted his slides by hand, and after 60+ years, the mountings are disintegrating. His precise small printing still amazes everyone in our family.

If even one of these slides finds an interested relative or old friend, it was worth our effort.

You may share these anecdotes of growing up with a-ham-for-a-dad with the membership if you like.

My Dad was extremely fluid in Morse code. His fingers flew as he tapped out his messages. I recollect, at the age of 4 or 5, sitting next to him on a stool, fascinated by the rhythm, squeaks, and static.

A standout in my memory of his voice contacts was about 1950. It was a Johannesburg chicken farmer who had 13 daughters, no sons. The British voice was clear from a "skip" (?). I remember them communicating more than once, and after my Dad knew how interested I was to hear the 'voice from around the world', he would take me into the attic when he started calling him to see my delight when there was an answer.

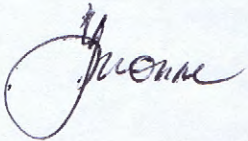
The Shorewood Police Dept. was familiar with our address. W9VD used to clear the cobwebs out of television speakers for miles. There were many times my prim & proper Mother fielded their phone calls and blushed red with embarrassment. Once an officer showed up at our door to "Speak to Mr. Crapo" since the polite phone calls hadn't worked. It was probably during Elvis on Ed Sullivan.

*In 1954 we custom ordered a brand new Oldsmobile 88 to replace the spotless 41 Pontiac. My Mother carefully selected the classic turquoise and white, color matched the striped upholstery, and most importantly, my Dad wanted it without a radio. She was so pleased, as she considered radios in cars too distracting. The day after we brought the new car home, he parked it in the driveway, just outside the garage, with an extension cord to the power drill. He was preparing to cut the hole in the dash for the Civil Defense Radio. *Then he attached the long antenna. Of course the antenna was removed for family travel, and for their trips to the supermarket, but my Mother never got over it.**

After I graduated from Shorewood High School in 1961 and left Milwaukee, the giant 60 ft. wood pole and antenna in the backyard fell with a thundering blow, narrowly missing two garages.

I will be interested to hear comments about these slides. Please let me know.

Sincerely,



*Yvonne (Crapo) Robel
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